

## Home Circle.

### "A LAUGH IN CHURCH."

She sat on the sliding cushion,  
The dear wee woman of four;  
Her feet in their shining slippers  
Hung dangling from the floor.  
She meant to be good; she had promised;  
And so, with her big brown eyes,  
She stared at the meeting-house windows,  
And counted the crawling flies.  
She looked far up at the preacher;  
But she thought of the honey bees  
Droning away in the blossoms  
That whitened the cheery trees.  
She thought of the broken basket,  
Where, curled in a dusky heap,  
Three sleek, round puppies, with fringy ears,  
Lay snuggled and fast asleep.  
Such soft, warm bodies to cuddle,  
Such queer little hearts to beat,  
Such swift, red tongues to kiss you,  
Such sprawling, cushiony feet.  
She could feel in her clasping fingers  
The touch of the satiny skin,  
And a cold, wet nose exploring  
The dimples under her chin.  
Then a sudden ripple of laughter  
Ran over the parted lips,  
So quick she could not catch it  
With her rosy finger-tips.  
The people whispered "Bless the child!"  
As each one waked from a nap.  
But the dear wee woman hid her face  
For shame, in her mother's lap.

—Emily Huntington Miller.

### WORDS OF COMFORT.

Lanark, Ill., Oct. 21, 1894.

Mrs. Ida Rensch:—

My Dear Sister: I just recently heard that a precious one from your home was taken and since I have so recently felt the heavy hand of bereavement I want to extend to you and your husband the hand of sympathy, for I can truly sympathize. How the heart bleeds and the soul yearns for the absent one. But our jewels have not gone to an unknown land whither our hearts are forbidden to follow. It is a better country in which they are dwelling and in that country, as upon earth they are still our own children. Only gone before and waiting for us to follow. They live as truly as if they were here on earth. They are free from sin, sickness and sorrow and bid us

"Look up and not down  
Forward and not backward."

Their presence around the throne of God and in the home above makes heaven seem nearer and Christ dearer than ever before. Now the day does not seem so far distant when as one

happy family we shall live in one of the mansions in heaven. "Where our treasure is there will our heart be also." If we have our heart and affections set on things above we are more apt to strive for and secure an entrance into that realm.

We should cherish the memory of those who have been taken away because it will be a means of grace to ourselves and others; but we should not cherish our grief. There are left to us in this world other precious ones who need our care and cheering words. God is not honored and neither are our loved ones in heaven honored by our carrying with us our grief stricken faces and tones. Life must go on and our loved ones in heaven rejoice just as much where they now are to see us happy as they would if with us here on earth.

Bereavements draw our thoughts heavenward and we realize more and more that we are only pilgrims and strangers here and thank God for the eternal life beyond. We now question ourselves as to whether our hope of heaven is sure. Are we ready to go? Is our house built on the solid foundation? We seek comfort in God's word and find it; we seek to comfort each other by our words of sympathy but after all only the ever-present love of God and his Son can pour a healing balm into our aching hearts.

We do not understand why we could not keep our treasures but some day we shall see more clearly, we shall know as we are known, for here we know only in part. And ours are not the only hearts that bleed; sorrow is universal. Few indeed are the homes where the death angel has not entered. We now enter a life where we can comfort others with our experience. We can only look forward for a blessed reunion and lift eternal in the presence of Christ. God grant it.

Yours for salvation,  
ETTA R. HARRISON.

This life is the state of human babyhood. Life here is infancy. He who has not found out how directly or indirectly to make everything converge toward his soul's sanctification, has as yet missed the meaning of this life.—*Robertson of Brighton.*

### TALKING SLANG.

This "sermonette" is especially for you, dear girls. The advice could be put in three words—Don't do it. Possibly there might come an occasion—say once in a life time—when a good round bit of the genuine article "slang" would prove funny. But to hear vulgar words used by a gentle girl is almost invariably shocking. I remember passing two girls in the street, and hearing one of them say, "I'll bet you a quarter." It gave me a shiver. And when a group of school girls fill their conversation—as, alas! they often do—with one slang phrase after another, the effect on an outsider is painfully disagreeable.

The habit of talking slang grows rapidly. It is like reporting a bit of scandal. Have you ever noticed, if you say an unkind word against a neighbor, how quickly a chance comes to say another? And with just that same appalling ease the habit of using careless, coarse words increases. Weeds grow rapidly.

There is plenty of good, strong English to give expression to wit, drollery, indignation or sympathy, without recourse to the phrases which belong to horse jockeys, gamblers, tipplers and vagabonds. The street Arab picks up slang, as he does the ends of cigars, from the gutter. Surely a well bred girl is not on the same level in her speech and manner. Why should she use vulgar words any more than she would stain her hands.

There ought to be something akin to flowers in a fresh young girl. She need not be prudish or priggish. No one wishes her to say "prunes and prisims" to coax her lips into the proper curves. But refined and dainty in speech as well as in dress she surely ought to be. Won't you please think about it five minutes, and see if you do not agree with me?—*Harper's Young People.*

"Men should begin to serve God and then keep right on. There is no excuse for stopping or delaying. To hesitate, to falter, to barter, is always dangerous, for it may be the beginning of a defection which may end in a total falling away from the Master."